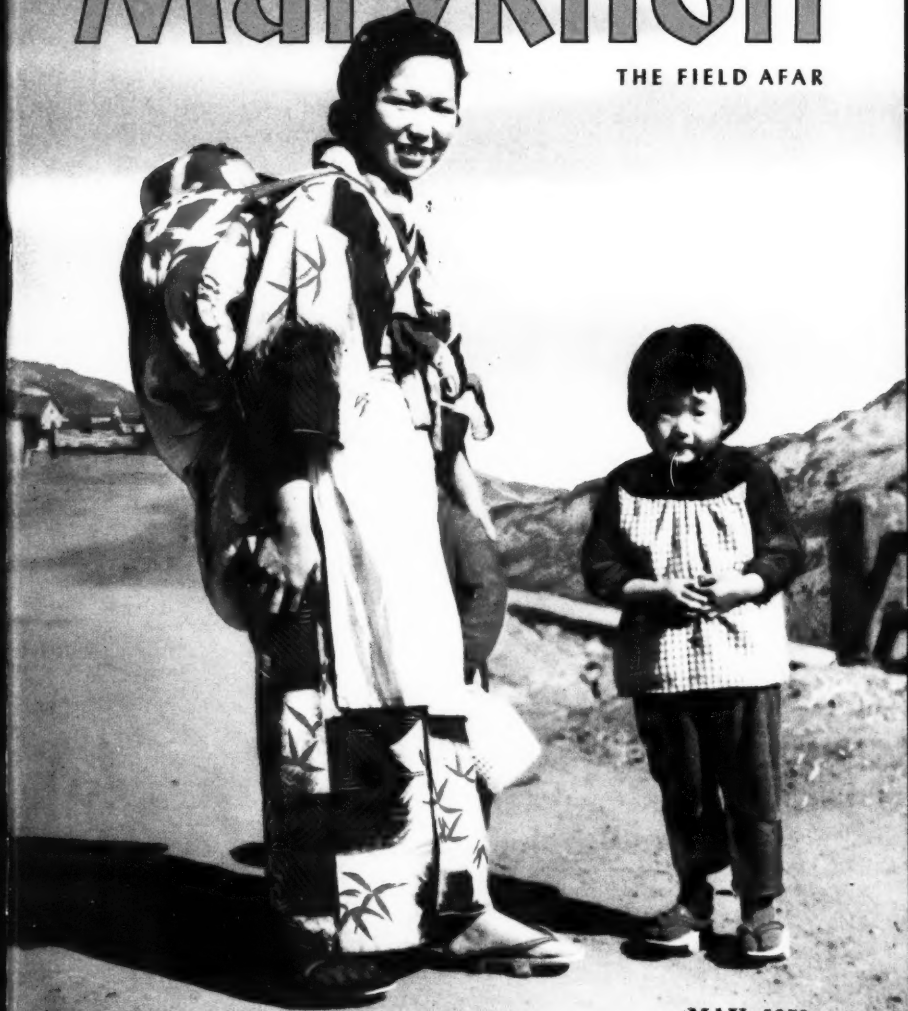


Maryknoll

THE FIELD AFAR



MAY, 1950



KOREAN SOUP KITCHEN. American Catholics continue to help feed thousands of Korean refugees, many of them escapees from the Soviet north. This open-air soup kitchen does a thriving business each day.







How to be a Witch

by Francis X. Lyons

IF YOU have a sick cow or a lazy wife, Mr. Yatiri is the man to see. This medicine man will slip the bundle off his back, peer inside it, and bring out a smelly salve, made of pig's fat, for the sick cow. Or he will chant a special incantation to drive out the laziness and the other undesirable qualities of your spouse. Mr. Yatiri is proud of his pro-

fession; it is an ancient one.

Before the Spanish Padres came to Bolivia, bringing the Catholic Faith with them, the mountain Indians had a highly developed religion. They believed in an all-powerful god, whom they called Viracocha. This god delegated most of his work to a whole galaxy of minor gods, such as the Sun, the Moon, the stars, and the



various other heavenly bodies.

These Indians thought of Thunder as the weather god. He was clad in brilliant garments, and held a war club in one hand, a sling in the other. The lightning was the flash of his garments as he strode through the heavens; the bolt of lightning was the boulder from his

sling. Thunder kept the rain in a huge jug he borrowed from his sister. Rain fell to the earth when Thunder broke the jug with his slingshot.

They believed the Moon to be the wife of the Sun. To the Indians an eclipse of the moon meant that a mountain lion was trying to devour the moon. Hence their custom of making a great deal of noise during an eclipse. They were attempting to scare off the attacker.

Centuries ago medicine men traveled among the Indians. Even today men like Mr. Yatiri make a pretty good living for themselves by playing on the superstitious beliefs of these unlettered, mountain people.

When an Indian has a complaint, he looks up Mr. Yatiri. The conversation is likely to be as follows:

"Senor Yatiri, I don't know what is the matter with me. I've been like this for three months now, and I thought maybe you —"

Mr. Yatiri frowns, pulls at his beard, and asks: "How do you stand financially? Do you perhaps own a

home, a farm, or some cattle?" The medicine man smiles with relief at the affirmative reply, and goes into his diagnosis:

OUR MAILING ADDRESS?

It's easy to remember.

Write to:

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS
MARYKNOLL P.O., N.Y.**

"Now the trouble with you is that your heirs are bewitching you. They are hoping that you will die, so that they can inherit your property. Take this

holy dust, and mix it in a glass of water. Be sure to take a dose of this each morning. And here is some salve; you must rub your whole body with it at least once a day. Tonight I'll come to your house to chase away the evil spirit. Mind that you have some good liquor on hand. My fee is one hundred pesos, please."

It's as simple as that, this business of being a medicine man. But it has its occupational hazards, too. If the Indian thinks that Mr. Yatiri is not giving him his money's worth, all the Indian has to do is rub oil over his head and body — and the evil that afflicts him will transfer itself to the medicine man.

If you would like to be a witch, the Indians say, you must start a collection of ropes that have been used for hanging criminals. Other helpful things are skulls; fistfuls of hair from a man who died in horrible pain. You can add the finishing touches to your collection if you obtain a few teeth of a woman who died from a snake bite.

If you become a witch, you mustn't sleep in uninhabited places, for these are where the ghostmen will get you. They look like little, old men who are forever smiling. It is their kindly aspect that will lead you to destruction. Ghostmen live in abandoned caves, in houses set far out in the wilderness, and in rivers. They lie in wait for the unwary.

If you should manage to escape the ghostmen, you are liable to bump into the *mekhala*. This type of evil spirit has the aspect of a skinny woman with greasy, disheveled hair. Her eyes are mean and deep-set, and throw off frightful sparks. Her work is to steal the brains, and sometimes the souls, of the children whom she finds sleeping. The only way you can ward off her attack is by devotion to *Pacha-Mamma* (which translated, means Earth Mother).

But be careful how you celebrate Earth Mother's feast day! On the night before Pentecost, you must call all your friends and neighbors to the house. On a table in your back yard, pile up all the money you made during the year, and all the jewels you own. Then get hold of the best liquor and sprinkle it in all the dark corners. This procedure, plus a short prayer to Earth Mother, should do the trick. All the evil spirits will then leave you alone. At least until they get over being drunk!

The Indians believe that a rainbow appears in the sky for only one reason, and that is to announce bad luck. Whatever you do, don't point to the rainbow, or your finger will drop off. Do not let your children look at the rainbow, or they will die. If you have the bad luck to see it,

close your mouth quickly, so that your teeth won't fall out.

These are a few of the superstitions that have endured from ancient times. The mountain Indians believe in them. In general, an Indian sees no difficulty in being a Catholic and practicing these superstitions on the side. If he has any scruples, Mr. Yatiri will remove them for a fee.

Inadvertently, I have been giving the medicine man a lot of business. I just discovered that, if the priest visits an Indian's house, the Indian will surely die of hunger, with his stomach plastered to his spine! I'm sure this is a modern notion, invented by Mr. Yatiri.

I can just see Mr. Yatiri following me from house to house, casting out the evil spirits that he says I left behind.

IT IS TRUE, nowadays, that most of the mountain Indians of South America are baptized. But their numbers, and the scarcity of priests, have made their complete conversion and instruction impossible. The Indians of Latin America no longer practice their old pagan religions publicly. Yet it will take many priests many years, to wean these simple people away from the superstitions that they practice in their homes as personal religion. Our missionaries have found that, wherever Indians are under the steady guidance of a priest, their superstitious practices disappear.



Stares of the Hungry

PHOTOS BY GEORGE CARROLL AND JOSEPH HAHN



RECENTLY Maryknoll's Father George Carroll went to Cheju Island, off the coast of Korea, to distribute relief supplies. During his visit there, he took the pictures on these and the next two pages. He was deeply distressed by the great suffering he saw: families living in crude, exposed shelters; men and women in rags; children whose fathers had been killed during spo-

radic raids by Communist bands, entrenched in near-by hills.

"It is impossible to describe the misery and tragedy of these people," Father wrote. "They did not complain or beg. But everywhere I went I could feel their eyes following me. At last, unable to bear any longer the stares of the hungry, I broke down and wept. Anyone would have done the same."



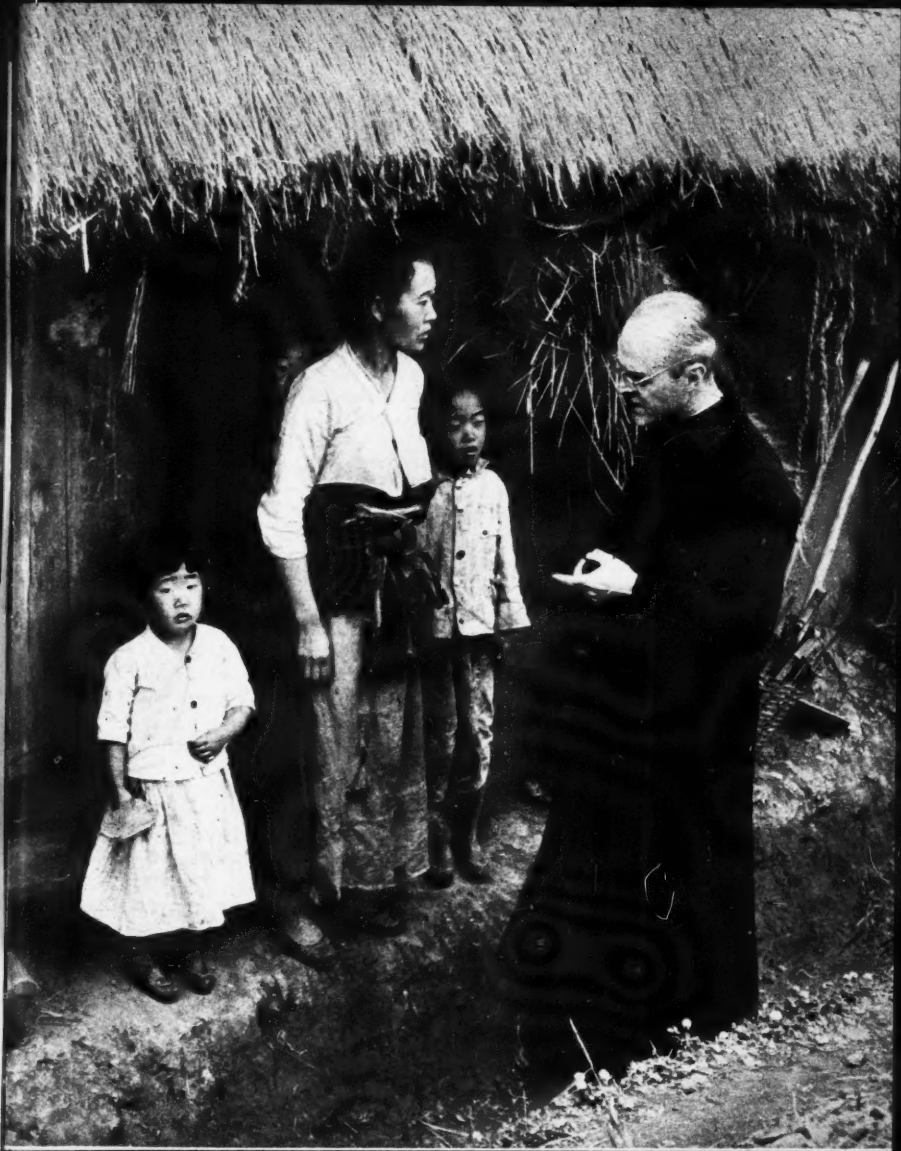


Pictures alone cannot show the full tragedy that has befallen so many Koreans. The fatherless family (above) lives in the rubble-constructed cave in the background. Looking at the photo, one does not smell the foulness of decay, or feel the bite of bitter wind, or hear the helpless whimpering of a hungry child. Life is particularly hard on the old and the young, and only the most hardy can expect to survive.





It is the task of the missioner to alleviate pain and suffering. Well known to Father Roy Petipren, of Detroit, is the stare of these tykes.



In the vicinity of Seoul, Father Patrick Cleary, of Ithaca, N. Y., seeks out a wretched family long familiar with the dull monotony of poverty.

THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

By Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

Maryknoll has very little cause of complaint about the number of vocations it receives. We should like very much, however, to forestall any undue concern at what some regard as a large number of American missionaries now overseas — about five thousand. Twenty years ago, that figure would have given many good men cause for alarm, but the Church in the United States has grown up in the meantime. America has not yet contributed abundantly in missionaries.

The Netherlands, a small country with 3,500,000 Catholics, has over 3,000 priests on the missions, 1,000 Brothers, and 2,000 Sisters. At home, the Dutch Catholics have almost 20,000 priests, 13,000 Brothers, and 60,000 Sisters. Were the United States, with its 25,000,000 Catholics, to equal the Netherlands' record, our Church at home would have 140,000 priests, 91,000 Brothers, and over 400,000 Sisters. On the missions we should have 21,000 priests, 7,000 Brothers, and 14,000 Sisters!

Two facts stand out. First, in the United States, the Church is far from having the number of vocations it needs to carry on its work at home or in the mission field. Secondly, in the Netherlands, the sacrifice of vocations for overseas work, rather than harming the Church, has made it prosper.

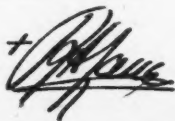
In the United States, we feel that a continuing program of zealous en-

couragement of vocations, with emphasis on the great ideal of service of God and the salvation of all men near and far will bring an abundance of apostolic priests both at home and abroad.

Some American dioceses are asking if it would not be best to accept all properly qualified candidates even if not needed locally and even though it should mean heavy expense, in order that a portion of these workers might go to more needy dioceses. Archbishop Cushing, of Boston, has expressed himself as opposed to "ecclesiastical birth control," which would limit the number of candidates by any given diocese.

Bishop Mulloy, of Covington, has launched what appears to be an excellent movement. His organization is called "The Bishop's Lay Committee for Vocations." A group of forty men, recruited from Catholic professional and business men of the diocese, has as a primary purpose the encouragement of vocations.

How inspiring it is to have our successful Catholic laymen encouraging vocations and helping to see the boys through. Could not Catholic women organize to recruit vocations for communities of Sisters?









Tolstoy and the Nun

ALL my life I have tried to live according to the ideals taught by my ancestors. Naturally my education was strongly influenced by Buddhism, which, up until two months ago, I believed to be the best moral teaching in the world.

Then I read a book by the Russian author, Tolstoy. From Tolstoy I learned of the doctrine of love of God with all one's heart, and love of neighbor as oneself. Rumor told me that a Catholic church in Otsu taught this doctrine of love.

To get to this Catholic church without ruining my name was a great problem. From the age of seven, I have been a Buddhist convent-girl at the nunnery. A kind Buddhist nun has been a mother to me; and all that I have in this life, I owe to her kindness.

Finally I summoned up enough courage to visit the church in Otsu. This consultation with Catholics and the priest of the parish convinced me that I should study the new doctrine, no matter what the cost.

My guardian learned of my

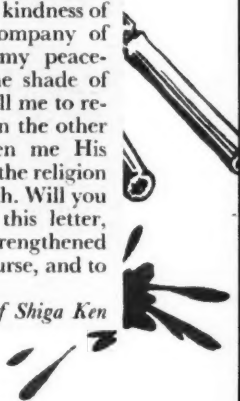
visit to the Catholic church, and she took me back to my childhood nunnery where she thinks that I shall forget all about this new doctrine. She believes that, in these pleasant surroundings, I shall again find true peace in the Buddhist way of life.

She told me that I might join the Catholic Church if I become convinced of its doctrines. But once I go to study the Catholic religion, even if I should not become a Catholic, I can never again return to my Buddhist home, even though my only friends are here.

At the moment I myself do not know what course to follow. On the one hand, the kindness of my guardian, the company of those dear to me, my peaceful home beneath the shade of Shiga's mountains, tell me to remain where I am. On the other hand, God has given me His actual grace to study the religion of the Catholic Church. Will you Catholics who read this letter, pray that I may be strengthened to follow the right course, and to do God's every wish.

— A Buddhist nun of Shiga Ken

*This Buddhist nun's letter
came from Father Cletus Schroering in Japan.*





CRESCO & COMPANY

A little help
comes
a long way

by Lloyd I. Glass

FRIENDS have asked me to write a brief history of our Chuanhsien mission, where so many Chinese converts are being received into the Church, and where some unusual social projects have been developed. It would be interesting from a personal point of view to record that this steady expansion is due entirely to the apostolic charm of the present mission staff. But unfortunately, that is not true.

Most of the credit for Chuanhsien activity must go to Father Edwin J. McCabe, of Providence, R. I., and his assistant, Father Wenceslaus F. Knotek, of Milwaukee, Wis. Early in 1947, Father McCabe was recalled to the United States to take a well-

deserved furlough. I was appointed to take his place, and Father Knotek stayed to assist me. After postponing his furlough twice, in order to finish up work he had started here, Father Knotek left for the States in July, 1948. Fathers Thomas N. Quirk, of Portsmouth, N. H., and Howard C. Geselbracht, of Chicago, both exiled veterans from Manchuria, came to Chuanhsien to lend their experience in the growing development. After a serious illness, Father Geselbracht, who never spares himself, was transferred to Pinglo. Father Francis G. Murphy, recently returned from his furlough in the Bronx, replaced the ailing Chicagoan.

When Father McCabe arrived here

in Chuanhsien after the war, he found that he was in charge of a parish almost exactly the size of his home State of Rhode Island. Conditions in the region were beyond description. Houses lay in ruins, farming implements were nonexistent, work animals had long before been slaughtered for food, and a population that had suffered a 70,000 loss during the war was stricken with malnutrition and sickness — malaria, worms, and dysentery leading the list.

Two organizations were the direct outgrowth of famine conditions. The first was the Foundling Association for abandoned infants. Father McCabe used a scheme much more practical than starting an orphanage. He encouraged families to adopt abandoned infants into their homes. If temporary help was required, such as powdered milk or clothing, it was furnished by the relief agencies, on the missionary's recommendation. The Foundling Association was a great success, with no drain on mission funds. During the famine days, more than sixty infants, mostly girls, were left on the mission doorstep. Forty of them are still alive, and only four still require assistance.

Another organization started in April, 1947, was Boystown. The idea and the spade work were conceived and executed by Fathers McCabe and Knotek. Boystown was a plan to open a home for beggar boys whose parents had been killed during the war and who had no one to care for them. The project is still going strong, thanks to the generosity of friends and benefactors in America. Just recently the Knights of Columbus in

Cresco, Iowa, sent \$1,069 to enable Boystown to continue. During the first two years, 480 boys were given food, shelter, training in a trade, as well as a general elementary schooling. The present enrollment is 110. Boystown is the pride of the Catholic community, and is greatly admired by the pagans.

SHYLOCK was a piker according to Chuanhsien's standard rate of interest on loans. People who live close to the borderline of starvation must borrow rice to tide them over the difficult three months just preceding the annual harvest. In 1947, it was not unusual here for the rate of interest to be 300% for a three-month period: 100 pounds of rice borrowed in May meant 400 pounds returned in August.

To combat such intolerable conditions, a co-operative Rice Bank was organized by the mission. The system is limited to Catholic families, and supervised by three elected leaders who have charge of the whole operation of distribution and collection. Briefly, this is how it works.

In order to simplify the mathematics involved, let's take a village of fifty families, each family consisting of four people. The mission buys 5,000 pounds of rice, to be loaned out at the rate of 100 pounds per family.

Whereas the loan sharks charge 300%, the mission co-operative charges 30%. The interest and the original are stored in a common granary, at the central mission. The following year the same family may borrow 130 pounds, and return 169. The third year, they may borrow

169 pounds, and return 219. At the end of the third year, the mission will withdraw its original investment of 5,000 pounds of rice; but an equal amount will remain in the co-operative, to start the process over again for the families involved. A 10% loss must be anticipated from accidents; illness or death may cause inability to repay the loan. The co-operatives here have been very successful, but to be so, they must be well organized and wisely directed.

Another useful angle on the co-operatives is that they remove from the Church the burden of feast-day expenses. On the major feasts, it has been the custom for the mission to provide food for all the Christians attending Mass, and also to bear the expenses for the celebration that follows. Now the co-operative granary takes care of those expenses, and

the people feel doubly welcome at the mission, since they are paying their own way.

Notable, too, among the relief achievements of the mission was the construction of a lake and dam for irrigation purposes. Father Knotek supervised the project, which has become a model for this region. The dam and lake control floods, irrigate 1,200 acres with water, and provide a community fish pond for three Catholic villages. When the lake was drained this past winter, 600 pounds of fish were collected. The largest fish was given to the mission; it weighed slightly less than eight pounds.

Our outmission stations have grown from six in 1947 to 27 in 1950; and there are 20 more villages on the waiting list for the catechumenes. Two Chinese Sisters have been in-

The self-effacing author of this article, outside the gate to Boystown



valuable in instructing women converts, handling the women's dispensary, and directing the women catechists.

In our medical work, we use an adaptation of Father Bernard Meyer's "suitcase dispensary" plan. We take only about six types of commonly used medicines to the country districts. If others are required, a chit is written out, to be honored at the central mission. Many pagans, who otherwise would feel embarrassed at entering the mission compound, are thus armed with a passport of welcome to flash in the face of our ever-vigilant gatekeeper, John Silver. Whenever the Fathers go out on mission trips, they take along smallpox vaccine. Vaccinations are given to the Christians, catechumens, and whatever pagans request it. Several severe cases of sickness have been brought into the central mission for concentrated treatment and cure.

The Chuanhsien mission is fortunate in having an excellent catechist staff of twenty men and women, most of whom are local people. It is difficult to find funds to pay these devoted helpers, but so far God's providence has seen us through. The head catechist is Joachim Peng, "Old Faithful," to whom a great deal of credit must go for development of new Christianities and train-



Men who can't read might as well be blind

ing inexperienced catechists. All the catechists come to the central mission on the first Sunday of each month, for a day of recollection, a general meeting, and a little extra cabbage in the soup.

We have three men and two women in the catechist-training school at Laipo. There are also nine girls from Chuanhsien in training for the native Sisterhood. We have five boys training for the priesthood. The future looks promising, provided the red clouds do not produce a storm.

Our Christians now number 3,000. That represents more than 100% increase since the end of the war. Some 800 are currently under instruction in eleven separate villages. The number of converts during the past two years has been far above average for the rest of Kwangsi Province, too.

In villages where we have catechumenates, the women study in the daytime, and the men in the evening. No relief work of any kind, except medical is given to catechumens, in either city or country. If a catechumen or his family is so desperately poor that he must be helped, the aid is given on the condition that all concerned withdraw from the catechumenate. We have found that in the places where the most relief work has been done, the results in convert work have been most negligible. Other missionaries report similar convert experiences.

We are beginning the teaching of the Thousand Character Classic, a Basic Chinese system developed to combat illiteracy. These lessons are given free of charge in the villages where we operate catechumenates, to all who wish to study. Now we hear buffalo herders chanting, in addition to prayers and catechism, lessons like this:

A man who can't see is blind.

A man who can't read might as well be blind.

I'm studying the Thousand Character Classic so that

I'll be blind no longer.

Finally, we are starting with great confidence the Legion of Mary. This will draw the lay people, both men and women, into all phases of planned Catholic Action. It will create an *esprit de corps*, consolidate gains, make the Christians stronger in their Faith, and bring new Christians to the Church. The missionaries are swamped with work and opportunities, and the Legion of Mary should lessen their burden.

The greatest force in this lavish outpouring of grace on Chuanhsien has not been mentioned in this account. It is the never-failing moral support of clergy, relatives, and friends, at home in the United States. "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

We have, then, a veritable missionary's paradise in the Chuanhsien district. We also have proof positive of the New Testament axiom: "I have planted, Apollo watered, but God gave the increase. Therefore, neither he that planteth is any thing, nor he that watereth; but God giveth the increase" (I Cor. iii:6-7).




was more scared, the corpse or I! "It's my wife who's sick," the man explained. "I sleep in the coffin because it's cooler here."

The Corpse Was Scared

MY first sick call in Bolivia was to a rubber worker's shack, not far from Montero. When I walked into the dark, windowless hut, I saw a woman lying on a straw mat, and a man lying in a coffin. As I came nearer, the corpse sat up and spoke. (It's hard to say who

— John J. O'Brien, Santa Cruz, Bolivia



THIS ROOM HAS BEEN
DONATED BY
MARGARET FERTY
IN MEMORY OF
EDWARD & MARY FERTY

A room in a Maryknoll seminary is a fitting memorial. A plaque on the door reminds the priest or the student occupant to pray daily for your relative or friend. Offering, \$500.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., New York
Dear Fathers:

I enclose \$_____ toward the five hundred dollars
needed for a memorial room in a Maryknoll seminary.

My Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____



by Jerome P. Garvey

Molina Kaleidoscope

Promising returns on a sound investment

THERE ARE no dull moments in Molina's agricultural school, where five Maryknoll missionaries are busy instilling Catholic ideals into the minds and hearts of youngsters who will become tomorrow's citizens of Chile.

Last month the whole staff was absorbed in preparing the students for participation in the races, the ball games, the fire drills, and numerous other events held in connection with the celebration of the national holiday of Chile.

We had received a note from the

Office of Education, instructing us how to conduct the students in a patriotic act suitable for the day on which Chile celebrates its independence. The Minister of Education reminded us to tell the schoolboys that theirs is the greatest country in the world. Father McNiff added a spiritual note to this preparation by urging the lads to relate their love of country to the love of God.

Once the patriotic act was finished, the boys left for their holidays. As soon as they had gone, we swooped down on the study hall, which had

long stood in need of repairs. Three days of steady work were required, to scrape off the cracked paint on the walls and woodwork, and brush on fresh paint. Before the students returned, we managed to complete a number of odd jobs. Many of the locks needed repairing; leaking faucets required new washers; footballs had to be sewn; most of the windows needed washing. The only thing left undone was the big job of replastering the ceiling. We must leave that for the next set of holidays, although we dislike postponing badly needed repairs.

During the short vacation, Father McNiff made a quick trip to the city to pick up another piece of machinery for the school's carpentry shop. The new, power-driven jigsaw will step up the production of our student carpenters. The boys turn out many pieces that give indication of real craftsmanship. Two fine altars for a church in Santiago were built in our school shop. Our boys are really interested in this type of work, and under the proper direction they do it well.

Some of the older students are getting ready for Christmas in the sense that they are making and repairing toys, which they will sell at Christmas time. Local merchants loaned us several models, and each member of the advanced class is making two toys. When these are

sold, the profit of one will go to the maker; the profit of the other will go to our school, to help keep the wolf away from the door of the school. In addition, some of the enterprising students are fashioning simple trinkets to give to the younger students, who are not yet old enough to work with tools.

Recently we hired a promising young professor. He is a graduate of the State Agricultural School, next door. We hope that he will stay with us on a permanent basis, as we desperately need a good man to teach our pupils modern techniques in farming.

A benefactor gave us a 16-mm. movie projector. Another friend said he would be happy to loan us a good film once a week. Now Sunday afternoons, especially rainy ones, will no longer present the problem of keeping the boys out of mischief.

One of the first graduates of our school stopped in to see us this afternoon. He brought encouraging news about other graduates. All of them have helped establish the good name of the school.

The event of the month was the gift of forty new beds for the dormitory. The donor is one of our most interested benefactors. The "new look" in the dormitory means a lot, as we are obliged to operate this small school in the country on quite a slim budget.

Our Sexton Wore Red

WE GAVE our sexton a set of gorgeous red flannels. "They'll keep you warm on chilly days," I explained. Imagine my astonishment on the following Sunday, to see the dignified old man come down the aisle, carrying the collection basket, and wearing the red underwear pulled over his shirt and trousers!

— Carroll I. Quinn, South China

**This true story
will send a shiver
down your spine**

THE STORY OF

by Hubert M. Pospichal

"AN SIN DUK, now is the time to unload your troubles. Buy a sorceress' outfit. You will need a drum, a uniform, some cymbals and a sword. Fifty dollars will pay for the lot." Thus spoke Magu, chief of the devil worshipers in the large seaport city of Chinnampo, Korea.

"Where am I to get fifty dollars?" asked An Sin Duk. "My husband is dead. I lost my home and all my belongings to a loan shark. Now I live with my aunt, who also has borrowed money on everything she owns."

Magu, the devil worshiper, was quick to reply: "That's just the point, An Sin Duk. I want you to make lots of money! All you'll have to do is call on the devil to help you heal the sick. With his aid, you will bring prosperity to those who want the devil's favor. You yourself will be on easy street." With that Magu left. But he was back the next day and every day after that. An asked her aunt's counsel and was advised to have nothing to do with Magu, no matter what he promised. But Magu kept importuning An until finally she gave in and borrowed money to buy a sorceress' outfit. Magu coached her in devil worship, and before long

An was kept busy helping her customers pay homage to the devil.

The new work relieved the Korean widow's straitened circumstances, but only for a time. The final result of her new business was misery, more misery, and still more misery.

Late one night An's aunt heard a crash in the yard. She crept outside to find An throwing rocks at the crockery jars lined up against the fence. That was the last straw for the aunt. She was convinced that Magu and his devil worshiping had unhinged her niece's mind.

The aunt went to see a minister, whose church was down the street from her home. The good man came and prayed earnestly over the unfortunate An Sin Duk, but the young widow obtained no relief. Then the aunt decided to visit Agnes Him, the catechist at the Catholic mission.

Into her ears the aunt poured the terrible tale of her niece's troubles. Would Agnes help? Agnes was an outstanding Catholic, belonging to a deeply Christian family. Her ancestors had endured almost unbelievable tortures rather than deny their Faith. But Agnes' sixteen years of experience as a lay apostle cautioned her to go slowly in such circum-

AN SIN DUK

stances. She told the aunt, "You had better call the doctor. We cannot do a thing until we have his report."

"But my dear Agnes," protested the aunt. "We are in debt for everything we own! Who is going to pay for this doctor's report?"

Agnes did not answer, but went to get her wrap and some holy water. She led the aunt up the narrow, winding street, and up the huge stone step to the church, saying as they entered, "There is One in this building who can cure your niece. We must get His blessing before going to see An."

After leaving the church the anxious couple walked through the crooked, untidy alleys of the slum section of the city, to the hut where An Sin Duk lay in her bed on the floor.

"Who is that? Get out of here!" screamed the devil worshiper as Agnes came into the room. "What have I to do with you, you vagabond of religion! Away with you!"

And with that, An pulled the covers over her grotesque face and disheveled hair. "Get away, you religious dog!" she screamed from



underneath the heavy comforter.

In a kindly voice Agnes assured An Sin Duk that she had not come to harm, but only to try to help. To the aunt she whispered, "This is a case for prayer and fasting, rather than for medicine." Agnes knelt down and got out her beads.

Her prayers finished, Agnes moved nearer the bed. With persuasive and promising words, she induced the unfortunate creature to uncover her head. Agnes told her of God, of Jesus and Mary. She tried to move An's hand to make the sign of the cross. But after An had almost traced the cross, her arm released itself from the catechist's grasp and with a jerk,

fastened itself to An's own back so rigidly that it could not be pried loose.

Agnes prayed to St. Michael and the arm again relaxed. But on the second try, the hand again became fixed to An's back. Shaking violently, An Sin Duk protested that she had had enough. Agnes kept up her prayers and subsequent attempts at getting her to make the sign of the cross proved successful.

When Agnes administered holy water, An Sin Duk went into spasms of fighting, striking, and spitting. But less violence followed each ministrations.

As Agnes prepared to leave, she said: "An Sin Duk, you must pay a visit to our church. It is getting late now, but I'll be back tomorrow. Be sure to use the holy water often."

On the morrow Agnes discovered that a noticeable calm had come over the child of sorrow. The wild look had vanished, and she had allowed her aunt to comb her hair. After saying a few prayers, An was prepared for the journey to the church. But as An Sin Duk started to leave the house, her foot became fixed to the ground. It took five minutes of prayer, and many applications of holy water, to release the foot.

As Agnes, An and the aunt approached the church, Agnes said: "This is God's house. Ask Him to help you."

At the holy water font, An was

again helped to trace the sign of the cross. Then of a sudden she broke into an uproar, screaming as she bolted for the door. But the catechist's prayers brought help, and soon all were kneeling quietly on the floor of the church.

Outside once more, Agnes put into An's hands a crucifix, asking her to kiss it. An's behavior drew pity from the large crowd that had gathered. She shook, shrieked, and fought the crucifix. But prayers again quieted the miserable one.

In the crowd was a Sister who taught at the mission school. She suggested that the miserable creature should be persuaded to say some prayers. They had An repeat after them the "Our Father," the "Hail Mary," and the Creed. But at the phrase, "born of the Virgin," An could repeat no further.

Then the Sister led An over to the Old Folks' Home. She left instructions to the grannies there to teach An the prayers. But she cautioned them not to tire the poor creature too much.

"Oh, I am so much better today," said An Sin Duk when Agnes visited her next morning. "Twenty-eight devils have gone out of me, and I am most grateful to God for releasing me from the power of these sons of Beelzebub."

I have told you this true story just as Agnes, the Korean catechist, related it to me.

"IS EVERY MAN a potential Catholic? Yes, if all men are seeking three things — truth, love, and life — even when they seem to be seeking them in the labyrinthine ways of falsehood. If not, Our Lord would not have said, 'Go ye into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature.'"

— *Clare Booth Luce*

The missionary like Christ
must announce the Gospel
by living a life
built on the Gospel teaching
of devotion to human needs

by Bernard F. Meyer

through good deeds to the Good News

THE MIRACLES of Our Lord not only confirmed His claim to be God; they also had a deep social and psychological significance for both their beneficiaries and witnesses. They made clear that God was not a remote and severe Judge of men's lives, but a loving Father intimately concerned with the needs of His children. Christ refused to accede to the demand of the Pharisees that He give them a sign from heaven to prove His claim to divinity, except to foretell His own resurrection. All His other miracles were social works

to succor various human needs.

They underlined and emphasized His mission as one of love, and specifically characterized the Kingdom He came to establish as one based on the works of love, rather than of power. It was not only what He did that moved men's hearts, but above all, the way He did it. God among men used the works of love to prepare them for the message of the Gospel.

The early Church well understood this social significance of the Kingdom. At Jerusalem many of the

Christians held their goods in common, so that the poor shared equally with the rich in the satisfaction of their needs. At Rome the care of the poor was one of the primary concerns of the Church. That many converts must thus have been attracted among the poorer classes would seem to be shown by the fact that contemporary pagan writers derided the Church as the refuge of the shoeless and the unwashed. The place of the social works of the monks in the conversion of Europe is a well-known fact.

The missionary of today cannot work miracles, but he can imitate Christ in showing forth in a social way the love that must characterize the Kingdom, which He came to preach. If the official witness to Christ were to bear testimony to His truth, and neglect that of His love, he would be partly false to his vocation. Rather, as in the ministry of Christ, teaching divine love must precede. Man is not a disincarnate spirit; he needs to see divine love expressed in a material as well as in a spiritual way.

THE BANE of every promising convert movement in China has been the difficulty of getting catechumens to study regularly, owing to the weak influence of purely spiritual motivation. Yes, they know the Christian religion is good; but the study is difficult and monotonous; and the ridicule and threats of their pagan neighbors are sometimes too much

for prospective converts. Hence it is a common experience for as many as two thirds of those who begin to study to drop out. But works of mercy in which the convert can anticipate having a share as a Catholic give him natural interest to support his supernatural

interest in the Church. Practical and visible demonstrations of Christian principles provide converts with ammunition to silence objectors.

SIMILARLY, after baptism, when the first fervor has worn off, there arises the common temptation to feel that being a Christian means mostly obeying difficult commandments. The Chinese for whom life is a discouraging struggle for the barest necessities is tempted to feel that God has forgotten him in favor of the rich. But he is strengthened and encouraged to make the sacrifices required in the practice of the Faith if he sees the missionary taking the lead in trying to help his people solve their human problems.

The missionary, like Christ, must constantly show that he is seeking to bring souls to God. He must make it clear that he is not simply a philanthropist. How often the one who does Catholic relief work fails to make this clear, and so gains few converts! One should insist on this idea especially in helping Catholics. They in turn should be urged to pass it on to others.

Every sermon the missionary preaches should include an exhortation to spread the Faith. To arouse in

Candidates for Maryknoll should make their application for admission soon. For booklets on the priesthood or the Brotherhood, or for information, write the Vocation Director, Maryknoll P.O., New York.

the people apostolic zeal, will make them better Christians than they would be if merely threatened with hell fire.

When Christians are speaking with pagans, they have a good talking point in the Church's solicitude for the welfare of the whole man, as exemplified in Christ's own ministry. It is one formula for becoming known, for establishing good public relations. It attracts attention, and stirs up the people to inquire more deeply into the teachings of the Church. Along with the program of public relations, must go a campaign calculated to move the individual soul.

An old missionary told the writer about a village that had become Christian to secure the help of the priest in a lawsuit. After baptism the villagers found Christian laws irksome, especially those concerning mixed marriage.

One day they said to the missionary: "We are rather sorry, now, that we became Christians; we did not know it would be so difficult."

"But you are free," was the reply. "You will not be held against your will."

"Yes, Father, we know that; but we also know now that there is a hell."

The human soul is naturally Christian. If a good course of instructions is given converts, they are never the same afterwards, even though they may be somewhat careless after baptism.

A most useful help in the Christian formation of converts is the organization of Legion of Mary groups. The Faith has not really been established in its full life until it has become apostolic, propagating itself.

One constantly hears the objection that the Legion of Mary could not be established among village Catholics. One priest who had such doubts went ahead, anyhow, and now has a flourishing group. Not only have they faithfully visited the indifferent, the sick, and the pagans. They have also sponsored a program among the relatively prosperous Chinese, for giving financial help to the poor at a low rate of interest. The idea is that one family a little more blessed with this world's goods should help one that is less well-off.

INDIFFERENCE to the welfare of others is a characteristic of paganism, which tends to carry over among our converts. Sympathy is a Christian virtue, and the missionary must see that his converts learn to take an interest in the welfare of others.

In Catholic schools the students who have the Faith should be organized as apostles among the other pupils. Catholic teachers should adopt a program of contacting the families of their students, as their chief work in the lay apostolate of the Legion. If this is done, there is less likely to be opposition on the part of the parents to their children's becoming Catholics. Often such work by the teachers has resulted in whole families being converted.

The students should be encouraged to present Christian plays several times a year; the pagan parents who attend carry away strong impressions about the Church. In addition to this, the pupils need to be reminded to show at home, by work and by example, the influence of the Catholic religion in their lives. Priests and

teachers alike should never tire of reminding the Catholic students that they are closely watched by pagans. If they are kind, obedient, thoughtful of others, the pagans get a really practical demonstration of the merits of being a Catholic.

The Sacred Heart Middle School in Canton has published a textbook in ethics, which is taught to all students whether pagan or Catholic. This teaching provides an excellent background for discussions between Catholic and pagan pupils.

THE SUCCESS or failure of any mission plan lies almost entirely with the missionary himself as leader and exemplar. The human soul is naturally Christian; if it meets Christ in the person of the missionary, it is naturally attracted. Selfishness, arbitrariness, fastidiousness, or love of ease will inevitably cripple the missionary's influence.

When visiting his people, the real missionary always eats with them, never in solitary splendor. If he cannot bring himself to partake of some dishes, he can always plead an allergy. He spends as much time as possible with the people, not coming late in the evening and rushing off in the morning as soon as Mass is over. His visit is really what the word "visit" implies, not just a brief stop-over.

Compassion, understanding, and devotedness are the basic virtues of a good missionary. He can't expect constant expressions of gratitude, but he can be sure that his people appreciate what he tries to do for them, even though this appreciation is not always apparent. The missionary

is a spiritual father, and sometimes a father's love seems to be taken too much for granted.

The missionary has to do what has been said to be impossible — "be a hero to his valet." If he is loved by those who work with him, not "for" him (his catechists, his cook, the man who cleans his house), he will also gain the love of the people.

The missionary cannot bring sight to the blind or raise the dead, but he can imitate Christ in showing compassion for those who suffer. A simple, free dispensary at his residence is one of the best means. A conspicuous sign, "For the poor," will tend to discourage the well-to-do from coming to get foreign medicine free.

Dispensary work should not be delegated to the catechist or to a nurse. Often the writer has heard patients remarking to one another, "How good the priest is, to treat us personally!"

The dispensary should be free, at least to the poor. The missionary is only the steward of the charity of people at home who wish to give as Christ would give. The writer has found that two things help to keep dispensary work aimed at the right goal. One good idea is to have the catechist meet the people who come for treatment; he can explain why the priest is so interested in the sick. Another useful method is to give a little leaflet to each patient, explaining that the medicine came from people at home who often deny themselves in food or clothing or by walking to work, in order to help the needy in other lands. The patient carries away the idea that the people

1950

in America give help to others precisely because the givers are Catholics and feel the need of imitating the compassion of Christ.

THE MISSIONER's work is not only to make converts; it is above all to form apostles, as Christ did. The Twelve Apostles were His priests and received special formation in winning friends for Christ. The new friends were instructed in turn to bring Christ's message to their neighbors and friends.

But He also called the seventy-two disciples to the lay apostolate. They came to Him only at intervals, because they were under the necessity of making a living. Most of the time they were in their own villages, their own communities, and there they announced the coming of Christ. The missioner who follows a similar program is bound to have great success.

The Gospels should be the chief subject of the missioner's meditations. In them he will learn the methods of Christ. There he will find the emphasis that Christ placed on love and compassion for others. The early Church caught His spirit and manifested a love and a zeal for helping the needy that have never since been equaled.

China will never be converted by a mere handful of priests, Sisters, and Brothers. The Church must grow organically through the lay apostolate. The leaven must be mixed with the whole mass, not remain in a few lumps here and there. The lifeblood of love must course through every member, so that the Church will grow from every branch, as trees shoot out in the spring.



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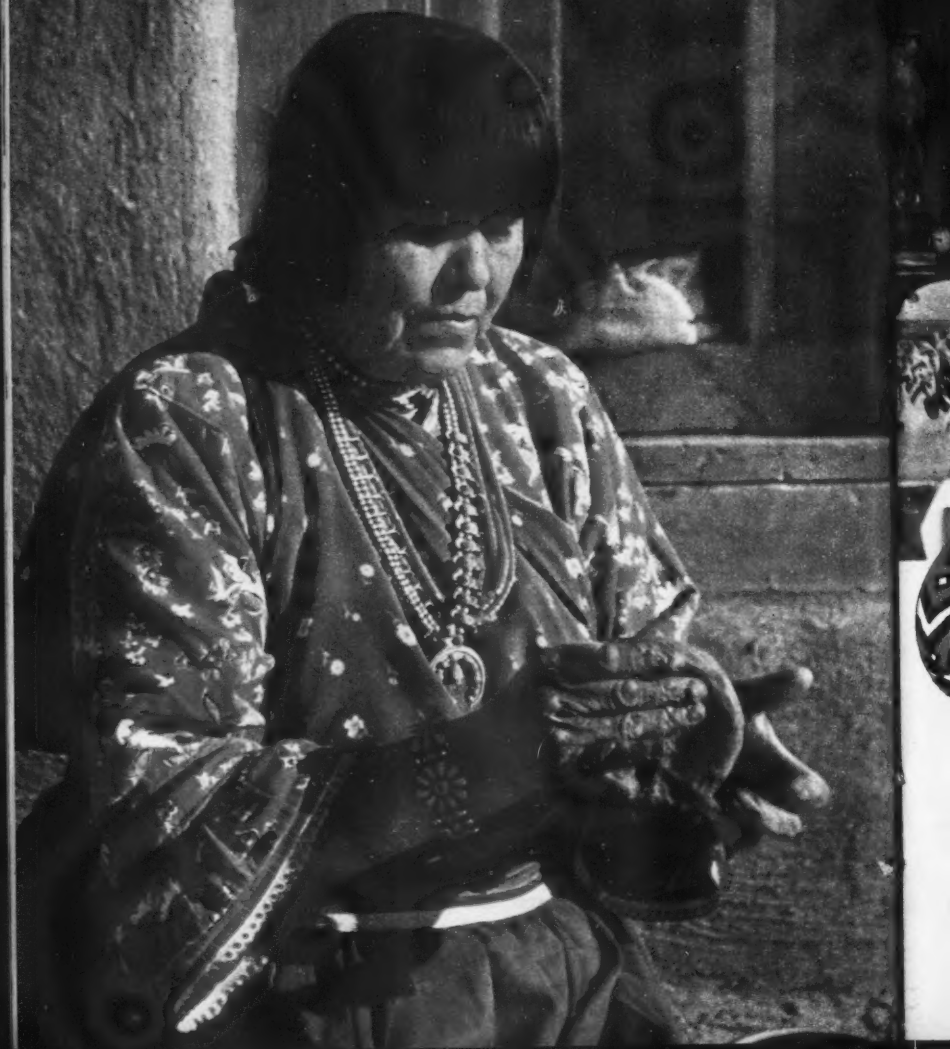
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Guatemalan woman
molding pottery





GUATEMALA DAY

FASHION your painting with a deep blue sky, into which climb rugged, green-clad mountains. Dress your people in the multi-hued garments of fairyland. Splash generously with sunshine. And then call your finished picture — *Guatemala*.

To this proud Maya land in 1523 came the dashing Pedro Alvarado, charged by Cortes to "bring the

people to peace without war and preach matters of our Holy Faith." Great churches were built (Antigua City alone had sixty). Then times changed, and priestless years came. Now in the mountains Maryknollers work, like Father Paul Sommer (above), and old colonial churches are reopened and made beautiful.

PHOTOS BY LEO SOMMER AND FELIX FOURNIER





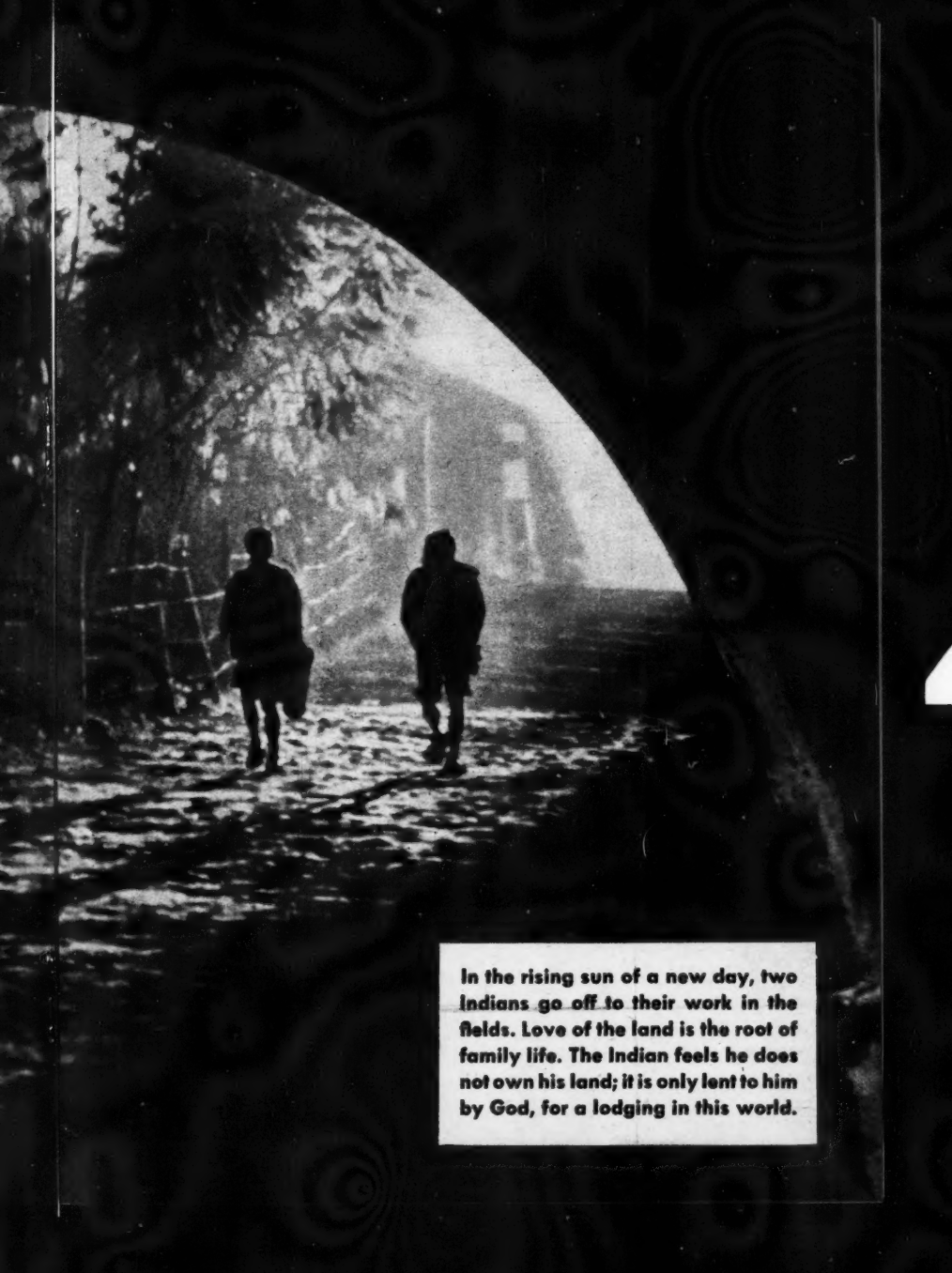
Market day (above) brings the Indians in from the hills. Each village has its own dress. The Huehuetenango ladies (right) are off to church.



Although Father Sommer's Indian boys are poor and unlettered, they have personal dignity, pride of race, and will serve God if the Padre leads.







In the rising sun of a new day, two Indians go off to their work in the fields. Love of the land is the root of family life. The Indian feels he does not own his land; it is only lent to him by God, for a lodging in this world.





The people, particularly the men, feel a responsibility for their church. While women carry on household tasks, and children play, Father Sommer's Jacaltenango church gets a tile roof as a community project of the men.





POVERTY is never very far away from the Guatemalan Indian. He and his family live in a simple, mud-floored, scantily furnished house. The interior is smoky from the cooking fire, built on the floor. Insects, birds, and dogs find easy entrance through the open window and door. The Indian has few possessions, and often must depend upon the missionary to find gifts of clothing (right) for his children. His meager income is

usually the result of farming. Corn and beans are his staple foods, with squash, potatoes, chile, salt, eggs, a little fruit, and rarely meat, forming the rest of his diet.

His main joys are the yearly fiestas, particularly the fiesta which celebrates the patron saint's day of his village. To the outsider a fiesta is a wild confusion of noise, movement and color. But actually a fiesta celebration is carefully arranged by the community and has many features going back to the days of the conquistadores.





Unknown Soldiers

IN ARLINGTON, near our national capital, there is a lovely structure of white marble, honoring the Unknown Soldier. There lies the body of a man who died for us — to preserve our freedom, our way of life. No one knows *which* man; he might be any of the thousands of Americans "missing in action" in the first World War. All we know is that he was brave, that none has greater love than his.

Many families have "unknown soldiers" still living with their dear ones. They are brave and patient and steadfast; they hold their small private worlds together. Outsiders are never aware of what they do. They themselves tell nothing of their quiet sacrifices, their long labors; but the son who goes to college, the daughter guided to happiness, the unfortunate given refuge, the invalid cared for — such members of the inner circles of the households realize and appreciate the sacrifices.

When such "unknown soldiers"

must lay down their burdens, the relatives left behind are often at a loss for a fitting memorial. Even marble, stained glass, ivory, or pure gold would not be worthy! If the wealth of the Indies could be spent, it would scarcely serve; and often the family purse has little to spare for even a simple memorial.

But the best memorial for a fine individual is not dead stone, however deftly shaped. It is a spirit, moving in the world of men. You who help us build Maryknoll's new seminary at Glen Ellyn will pay for bricks and wood and window glass; but only as a means of sending God's soldiers out to the front lines of the Faith — dozens, scores, hundreds, thousands of them through the years — spreading the Word of God, doing the things that He commanded, which kind and generous people do, and winning men and women to Christ!

We offer you the opportunity to help build our seminary, as a memorial to YOUR Unknown Soldier.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., New York.

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More Than a Dream

by Thomas F. Gibbons

CANESI is a tiny village where the priest's house is perched high on a bedrock hill overlooking Lake Victoria, in the Tanganyika Territory of British East Africa. The village was home for me for a few short days.

I had planned to make the trip from the center mission to Canesi by motorcycle, but the chain broke after I had only gone ten miles. The broken machine had to be left with a Christian family. Then I made a dash for the quay, but by the time I reached the shore, the ferry was well out into the lake. After an eight-hour delay I managed to hire a small boat.

The Christians met me at the boat landing. Those recently baptized people were very happy, knowing I would say Mass for them on the following morning.

After twilight, a heavy rainfall began. But despite the downpour, the Christians wended their way into the valley to their mud-walled chapel, to sing night prayers. On my return, Stocky, my cook, was preparing a simple supper. After so long a wait, I was having my first real experience of mission life.

As the rain tapped on the roof of my shelter, I started to plan for the coming days. Barnabas, the local

catechist, had informed me that three infants had been baptized in danger of death. I shall have to supply the ceremonies. Bibiana and her husband, John, had passed away since the last visitation. The best I can do for them will be to bless their graves. Unfortunately I can visit these Christians only four times a year.

After Canesi, there will be a three-hour walk to Baraki, where Benedicto's marriage must be arranged. He means well, but is not very strong in his faith. His bride-to-be, Teresa, is a good Christian. But if he does not wed her soon, he may marry a pagan.

Next on my schedule is a three-hour walk to Ruhu. I must see about getting the school there repaired. The last station—Tingrini—is easily reached as a friendly miner usually gives me a ride for this forty-mile trip. Going there is a treat as I regard the Basembitie as the best people in the whole mission.

My dreams have materialized. Life among these simple people far surpasses any boyhood reverry.



THREE-MINUTE Meditation

"I have compassion on the multitudes" (Matt. xv:32)

ARATHER startling news item came over the press wires recently. More than eight million families in the United States must manage on an annual income of less than one thousand dollars. It's difficult to realize that even in this country there are parents who must send their children to school on skimpy breakfasts.

But the poorest of the poor in the United States are living in luxury, compared to the dire necessity that plagues the people of the Orient. Homeless Chinese, fleeing from war, famines, and floods, more often than not have to tighten their belts instead of eating breakfast.

Even more appalling is the spiritual misery that weighs down so many human beings. It is a heart-warming thing for us to see crowds going to church on Sunday, even though the thought that tens of millions of Americans pay no attention to God sends a shiver through the soul. But what of Russia, what of the many other countries of Asia where Christ is not wanted? The rulers of over 225,000,000 men, women, and children scheme to lock out Christ. Each one of those millions is in desperate spiritual need of the saving grace of the One who takes away the sins of the world.

Conclusion: Does all this misery concern us? Christ says it does. We are obliged to imitate the One who said, "I have compassion on the multitudes."

The Missioner

WHEN GOD'S action and ours coalesce and co-operate unto good in a given task, it is easy to understand that our human effort is only a very minor part of the total operation. "I have planted, Apollo watered, but God gave the increase" (1 Cor. iii:6). Any serious attempt to reconcile large portions of the human race to God by a radical spiritual conversion will call for a superabundance of divine assistance — perhaps even for some special manifestations of it — in view of the difficulty of the undertaking.

It is true that the program of the Church is divine in origin, rich in resources, and entirely suited to its purpose. Even so, however, it is not necessarily a complete recipe for mission success in any and all circumstances. Divine as the program is, it still has the limitation that it cannot produce its full fruits unless it is accepted and applied. The remedy cures the man who takes it. But how does it stand when whole nations pass millenniums in ignoring and rejecting the divine dispensation? Such mission problems call for special prescriptions.

GOD has extra means, over and above His regular provisions, which He can employ in the solution of unusual problems. His wisdom "reacheth from end to end mightily, and ordereth all things sweetly" (Wis. viii:1). The Church teaches in principle many things that are left to God Himself to apply in practice. The Church has sent us Mary for comfort and consolation during nineteen hundred years; but only God could choose the occasions, as He

Gladly Pays

did at Lourdes and at Fatima, to send Mary to us.

In the conversion of nations — major and vastly complicated task as it is — there is often a similar need of some special intervention on the part of God. Was it the preaching of Saint Boniface, or the special providence of God as manifested in the events of the time, that exerted the predominant influence in the conversion of the German nation? Is today's improved prospect for the Church in Japan chiefly attributable to the blessing of Saint Francis Xavier, or the mission effort of succeeding centuries? Nobody knows the answers, but all missionaries of experience believe that God can supply the needed means at His pleasure.

IN MOVING great masses of men to accept the Faith, sometimes a missionary's preaching must take the form of willing sacrifice for the cause of Christ and supreme loyalty to it under every sort of hardship and provocation. There are times, indeed, when it is part of a missionary's task to give his life for the Faith he announces. God is the Master Missioner, and He alone knows when such extremes are to find a place in His providential designs.

Some tasks are of so stubborn a nature as to call for the apostolate of suffering. Nations that prove slow and unresponsive in accepting the gift of God may need compelling demonstrations. When such occasions arise, missionaries are not unhappy. They have reason to believe that God is finding a new way to open the eyes of their people, and the cost to themselves is incidental.

Maryknoll

The Field Afar

Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

This Month's Cover

MODERN Japan is marking a departure from the traditional *kimono*, the beautiful dress of Japanese women. Many city folk now

wear Western clothes. However, in the country regions one still finds the flowered and artistically decorated *kimono*. This mother and child come from a farming family near Kyoto. Many American women would envy her dress.





Our Lady of China

by John F. Donovan

Chinese Catholics Prove Themselves Worthy

ALUMP came to my throat as I listened to the soft chant of the "Hail Mary" coming from the big Chinese farmhouse that Sunday noon. I parked my bicycle by the main door and, unnoticed, walked inside. There beneath a large picture of Our Lady of China, a group of natives knelt on the hard clay floor, answering the beads as the father of the family led the prayers. Too far from the mission to attend Mass, they were getting the graces they needed from the Rosary of Our Lady. I knelt and joined them.

In this pagan land, where the plight of women has been traditionally low and sad, how strange that one woman should receive so high and so signal an honor! Yet China's Catholics instinctively place the Mother of Christ in her rightful, lofty niche, and never cease to give her the praise and love that are her due.

John Wu, China's noted scholar and statesman, said, "To me, as a Chinese, it is impossible to adore Christ without venerating the Blessed Virgin." And then he quoted an apt Chinese proverb: "A mother is honored because of her son; a son is honored because of his mother."

To Chinese Catholics, it is the most natural thing in the world that the Mother of their Lord should receive their childlike devotion. They love to hear the missionary extol Our Lady's virtues. They always smiled when I told the story of Ah Saam, the little friend of our Blessed Mother, who was refused admission through the celestial portal — only to have

Our Lady open a window and smuggle her devotee inside.

Like the great painters of Europe, China's Catholic artists love to lavish their art on their Heavenly Queen. But Chinese Catholics, so accustomed to persecution, know her best as Our Lady, Help of Christians. And today, as they have done during the many persecutions of the past, Chinese Catholics trustingly turn to her.

They recall with confidence how their Heavenly Queen threw her motherly mantle of protection over the village of Tong-Lu during the Nero-like persecution of the Boxer Rebellion. The Christians of Tong-Lu saw that their only hope of safety lay at the shrine of Our Lady of China. And when the fighting was over and the village came through unscathed, they realized who had protected them. Today a new and more costly picture, in keeping with the beauty and dignity of Our Lady of China, is enshrined at Tong-Lu. A miraculous cure of a crippled boy at the shrine seemed to indicate that Our Lady was pleased with the new picture.

Even more famous than Tong-Lu is the shrine of Our Lady on the hill of Zo-Se, near Shanghai. Again it was for the help of Our Lady of China that a Jesuit missionary prayed in time of persecution: "Save us," he begged, "and I will build here a sanctuary worthy of you." The Christians were saved. Today a beautiful basilica, topped by a magnificent bronze statue of Our Lady, crowns the hill of Zo-Se.

If it is true that devotion to Our Lady is the touchstone of true Christianity, then the Chinese Catholics are indeed true Christians.

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THE STORY
OF THE MONTH

Daemonio AND THE INDIAN

Could he ever outlive his past;
would it always return to haunt him?

by Lawrence Kelley

CARLOS OBRERO squirmed in the squeaky cane chair and looked once again into the motionless Indian face before him. Four years ago he had been sent to Huilque because he was supposed to be one of the few men in the Government who could make something out of an Indian's silence and read something in the black, unspeaking Indian eyes. He was supposed to know the Indian and win his confidence. But with this one, as with many others, he had failed. This Indian's name was Rafael and he was most difficult. He seemed in his childish manner even a bit contemptuous of the Government as a whole, and of Senor Obrero in particular.

"Once again, Rafael, we will begin the questions. You must pay attention and answer 'Yes' or 'No.' Do you understand?"

There was silence for a moment in the small, shabby office. When it came, the Indian's reply was flat, unrevealing. "I understand, Senor.

'Yes' or 'No.' "

"Very well. First, you came down yesterday from Xuichol to sell baskets. Then with the money you bought strong drink and became very drunk. Is this so?"

"Yes. I was very drunk. Even now I feel a dizziness in — "

"Answer 'Yes' or 'No,' Rafael! Remember? Just 'Yes' or 'No.' "

"Yes, Senor."

"Then, being very drunk, you went into the church of San Sebastiano. You knew that the Government does not want you in the churches. It makes this rule to help you. Yet you broke open the boards on the side door and went in. Now, you must understand. If you speak the truth, you will go free. But if not, I will put you in jail. Now, that which I have said, is it true?"

"Yes, Senor."

"I understand. You did not know it was a church, did you, Rafael?"

"No, Senor. I was drunk. I did not know."

"Very well."

Senor Obrero stood up. The sweat had glued his wrinkled white clothes to his body. He thought for a moment of offering Rafael a bottle of warm *gaseosa* but decided against it. He moved around in front of his desk, where Rafael stood with straw sombrero in his brown hand. He put his hand on the Indian's shoulder and addressed the last question to him in a most friendly manner. "Then, Rafael, you took a little statue of the Virgin from your shirt and put it up on the altar, where my soldiers found it this morning. That was very silly but you did it because you were drunk, and so we can understand and forget such a thing. Now, is that so?"

"No. Senor."

Obrero took his hand from the Indian's shoulder. He stood staring at Rafael, who was all the while watching the dusty toes that peeped out of his sandals. He had got just this far before with the Indian and then, upon mention of the statue, this sudden lack of cooperation. Senor Obrero tried to personify as best he could the governmental authority.

Straightening his shoulders, as he had been taught in the army, he pointed a finger at the Indian and shouted: "Listen, stupid one! I am trying to help you. But if this does not please you, there is the jail. And you won't go back to Xuichol for a long time!"

He rushed around to the other side of the desk, forgetting his military stride and lapsing into his regular tropical sloppiness of movement. He pulled the desk drawer open roughly and dropped a tiny, carved, wooden

figure on the desk. It rolled over with a noise and then lay still, staring up at the white ceiling. Senor Obrero waited for the effect of this. Only the whining and bumping of a fly on the rusty screen could be heard as the Indian, with great reluctance, took his gaze from his toes and looked at the statue.

Obrero was sure that the statue was Rafael's. He knew it the minute the Indian had been brought in the door. Unsupported by proof but nonetheless certain.

Yet he waited with growing impatience for some proof of his convictions. Something which would look official when a report was sent in. For if the Governor remained unsatisfied, Senor Obrero could hardly feel contented — and the Governor had always remained unmoved by anything psychological. He was a fat, very practical gunman, the Governor, brought up on the pragmatic aspects of revolution, with a minimum of the theoretical. He knew what was good for the Indians, and he wanted fiercely to see that they got it. He believed that the Church was shackling them and it was always against the Church that he expended the greatest part of his energies. That is why Senor Obrero had to attach so much importance to this incident of an Indian breaking in and putting a statue on the high altar, in the dead of night.

Senor Obrero's own choice was for education. Tackle the schools, and get there ahead of the Church. The children must be reached. But then all the Indians are children — so the Governor says. How, he wondered, would the Governor handle this un-

cooperative and slow-witted child?

The Indian's face showed only infantile surprise as he looked at the statue on the desk. He acted as if he were seeing that image of the Virgin for the first time.

"Well, Rafael, do you deny that you know this statue?"

The Indian twined his straw sombrero and brought his

eyes once more to the ground. There was no answer at all. Obrero thought of trying once again but it was getting dark and he was tired of looking at this Indian. He shouted for the soldiers and the Indian was taken out of the office. In three days Obrero would let him go.

If he kept everybody who broke the laws about statues and priests and praying he would have to build a jail as big as the government office in the State capital. Such feelings discouraged him. Now he felt much less useful than when he had come here four years ago with plans for reclaiming land and wiping out illiteracy and superstition. Now all his ideas laughed at him.

The statue still lay on the desk before him. It was a disturbing symbol of something that had roots in the very beings of the Indians. He knew his own mother burned candles before a statue of Our Lady usually kept in a shoebox in the closet. She could be sent to prison or shot for having it. He was failing in his duty of reporting her. Once she had even lit a candle openly in the house, and made him kneel down and pray with

her. He had complied but had threatened not to visit her any more if she ever did such a thing again. He had explained for the thousandth time as

simply as he could the State's ideas on the Church and the priests.

Now, as he examined the wooden figure in his hand more closely, many thoughts of his younger days, be-

fore the revolution, came back. He recalled the chubby, perfume-scented parish priest, the dullness of his sermons, the bony faces in the congregation, the swollen bellies of the Indian children squatting on the church floor. Indians sweated and toiled to support their church. And for what? A promise of something to come in a vague future life? An escape from present reality?

But looking at the Indian Virgin, it seemed that here was something deeper, an aboriginal expression of a thing which the starving Indian keeps to himself. The terrible coldness of doubt came over Senor Obrero as he remembered all those years of tearing down (and so little to replace it). He remembered the Indian voices whispering "daemonio" (devil) whenever he appeared. He thought of his mother's brave devotion.

Obrero gripped the statue tightly as if trying to crush it. Dropping into the creaking cane chair, he put his head down into the crook of his sweaty arm, and in the private darkness with his face touching the smooth wood, he wept.

"I enjoy reading your magazine. I know that any gift is useful. I can send only one dollar but I know even that will be appreciated," writes M. M. L., Connecticut. The lady is right.



Workers Needed

A California schoolgirl presents a challenge

by Joan Foley

"THE HARVEST IS GREAT but the laborers are few." No new words these; they were spoken many years ago by Our Lord, when asking our help in harvesting the souls of men. By these words He offers us a chance to work for Him at a salary that will merit eternal happiness.

Today Our Lord's harvest is larger than ever, but laborers are sadly

lacking. Is God asking you to help? Examine yourself.

The world is woefully wanting in religious vocations. In many parts of the world today, Christ has been pushed aside or is unknown. In other lands, the ravages of war have taken their toll of priests and Sisters; once again doors of concentration camps are swinging open to admit the clergy. Who is to take their places? Who is to guide today's youth, tomorrow's leaders?

Communism is spreading throughout the world with great rapidity. The march of Christianity is much slower. Has Stalin more laborers than Christ? If we believe that Christianity is necessary for peace, then shouldn't we do something to bring Christianity to the world?

Never has there been a greater need for Catholic training and edu-

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

JOAN FOLEY wrote this article as a senior at Holy Family High School in Glendale, California. A typical teen-ager, she is concerned with happenings in today's world. Her mother, Mrs. Milton Foley, has been a Maryknoll friend for many years.

cation than there is in this world of today, rampant with sin, paganism, and hatred. This Catholic education and training can be found only in Catholic schools, diligently taught by our priests, Sisters, and Brothers.

Doesn't it give you a sudden thrill to see a newspaper headline which says, "Catholic Student Wins National Honors"? These honors came to a person taught by a priest or Sister or Brother. Sometimes you read of a baptism just before death — a ticket to heaven! But who gave that ticket, who made the trip possible? A follower of Christ, who consented to reap a harvest of souls. Think of the Chinese boy receiving his First Holy Communion, or the Japanese girl being confirmed. These things happen because someone took seriously those words, "Go, teach all nations."

A missionary spends his life leading souls to the feet of Christ. A missionary gives the Faith to those who desperately need something to which they can tie their lives. A missionary dedicates his whole life to those who do not yet know and love God.

There are many openings for new recruits to the religious ranks, both here at home and in the missions. Perhaps God is calling you to fill one

QUALIFICATIONS

Age: Young men of high-school or college age are eligible.

Character: Applicants must be zealous, intelligent, generous, and pious; they must be recommended by teachers and pastor.

Health: Good health is essential. Candidates must furnish a medical report signed by a doctor.

Education: Credit is given for previous schooling. Applicants may be required to pass an entrance or placement examination.

of these openings. Perhaps God is calling you to dedicate your life to His service here at home, or perhaps He calls you to the mission field.

"Come follow Me." If you feel that God is beckoning you to labor in His vineyard, embrace this golden opportunity of bringing Christ into the hearts and souls of men, of giving those who never heard of Christ a passport to eternal happiness with their Saviour. There is no greater way of glorifying God; there is no surer way of insuring your own salvation.

Any boy interested in becoming a Maryknoll missionary should write to:

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P.O., New York

5-0

Please send me monthly literature about becoming a Maryknoll Priest ☐
Brother ☐
 (Check one.) I understand that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name _____ Date of birth _____
 Street _____ School _____
 City, Zone, State _____ Class _____



Memorizing Latin was difficult enough but, judging from the puzzled frowns, that was only the beginning. Sister Maria teaches in Laipo, China.

Maryknoll Sisters Afield

THE GNARLED, brown fingers fumbled a bit, as Liu Bac Me carefully folded the silk handkerchief over her treasures. With a certain wry satisfaction, she noted how the veins were knotted over the bones and stood out from the parchment-like skin of her hands, and how the wrists were hollowed out.

"Good!" she said, half aloud, as she reached to put the silk package at the back of the top shelf in her ornate, Chinese cupboard. "I'm all prepared. They shall put these things in the coffin with me; my right to heaven is bought and fully paid for."

This was the way a good Buddhist

should come to the end of life on earth. Hard work and thrift were to be rewarded at last. Wrapped in her silk handkerchief were the Three Necessary Things that would gain her honorable entrance to Paradise. The silver money would be placed in her mouth. The string of cakes would be thrown to the dogs as her coffin went by. And, most important of all, there was the paper with clear, unequivocal direction from the Buddhist monk that Liu Bac Me was to be admitted to heaven and no nonsense about it.

"Yes," said she to herself, "it is good to have the future all fixed up."

HAWAII • PANAMA • NICARAGUA • BOLIVIA • AFRICA



Sister Magdalena pays a call at the floating home of a South China family. For them, moving involves only weighing anchor and waiting for the tide.

But her daughter-in-law disturbed her serenity. Liu Moe Tze had become a Catholic and had had her four children baptized. At first the old grandmother's peace of mind was scarcely touched by these events. She even went with Moe Tze to visit the Catholic convent. It was a pleasant jaunt to the big mission buildings. Most fascinating was the sight of the foreign-devil woman with her white skin and queerly blue eyes. Most intriguing — those blue eyes!

Even when those eyes turned on her and the Sister said: "What about you, Honorable Mother? Don't you also want to worship the Lord of Heaven?"

Even then Liu Bac Me could laugh easily and reply: "Not for me, Unmarried Woman! I am too old. My ticket to heaven is bought and paid

for. Let young folk do as they will — be foolish and forsake the ways of their ancestors. I have secured my future life. Your religion is not for me."

As the months went by, old Liu watched her daughter-in-law closely. The younger woman paid no money and got no paper. But the conviction grew in the older one that Liu Moe Tze was earning a much nicer heaven than the one she herself was slated for. Indeed, before the year was out, she was looking on her silver money, her cakes, and that passport to heaven with the cold eye of an Unwise One regarding worthless stock certificates. A heaven that could boast of no Jasu and Malia; a paradise with no just and kindly Lord of All; an eternity with only the inscrutable Buddha — these were

MANCHURIA • CEYLON • CAROLINES • PHILIPPINES

hardly worth looking forward to. Her heaven was cold and formal, not friendly like the Christian one.

Yet Liu Bac Mc told herself again and again: "A bargain's a bargain. I'll keep what I have; it's too late to gain the better. After all, Buddha has accepted me. The great and good Lord of All, the God of the Catholics, — what use could He have for an old woman like me?"

Then one day, she yielded to her desire. She went to the cupboard and, reaching high, took down the silk package. Perhaps the Sister with the disturbing eyes could get the destination changed. At least a Buddhist passport to heaven might have some trade-in value on a Christian ticket.

"Yes," said the Sister, with a queer little smile, "it has! Your long life of good deeds has earned you a ticket to the heaven of Jasu and Malia, too. What's more, the Lord of All needs no papers of identification for you, Liu Bac Mc. He has loved you a long, long time!"

— Sister M. Ignatia (McNally),
of Manchester, N. H.,
now in South China.

FORTY MARYKNOLL SISTERS are now in Communist territory in South China. They have chosen to stay with their people, in spite of obvious dangers. They rely on Divine Providence and on prayers — yours and ours. The flow of conversions has not been restricted by Communist advances. Rather, our Sisters report large groups asking for instruction in the Faith.

However, conditions of travel become increasingly difficult, the people are desperately poor, and outside help is falling off. With your help, the Sisters in South China can do much to alleviate poverty and to make these Chinese look with grateful hearts to the Church.

At one South China dispensary alone, more than 6,400 poor, undernourished people are treated every month.

"All they need are a few vitamin tablets and some good food," writes Sister Angela Marie. "They have so little, that one dose of Vitamin B does more good than five would do for a well-fed person. How I wish that I had a tablet for every person who comes!"

MARYKNOLL SISTERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK.

Dear Sisters:

In spirit I am with your missionaries in their grand apostolate. To help make it fruitful, I enclose \$_____ as a token of my good will. OUR LEGAL TITLE IS:

The Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, Inc. This is the correct name to use in making your will or other legal document.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

Zone _____

State _____

Each month, I will offer _____ days of prayer and work for the missions.

Each month, for as long as I can, I will send \$_____ to sponsor a Maryknoll Sister. I understand that this does not obligate me in any way.

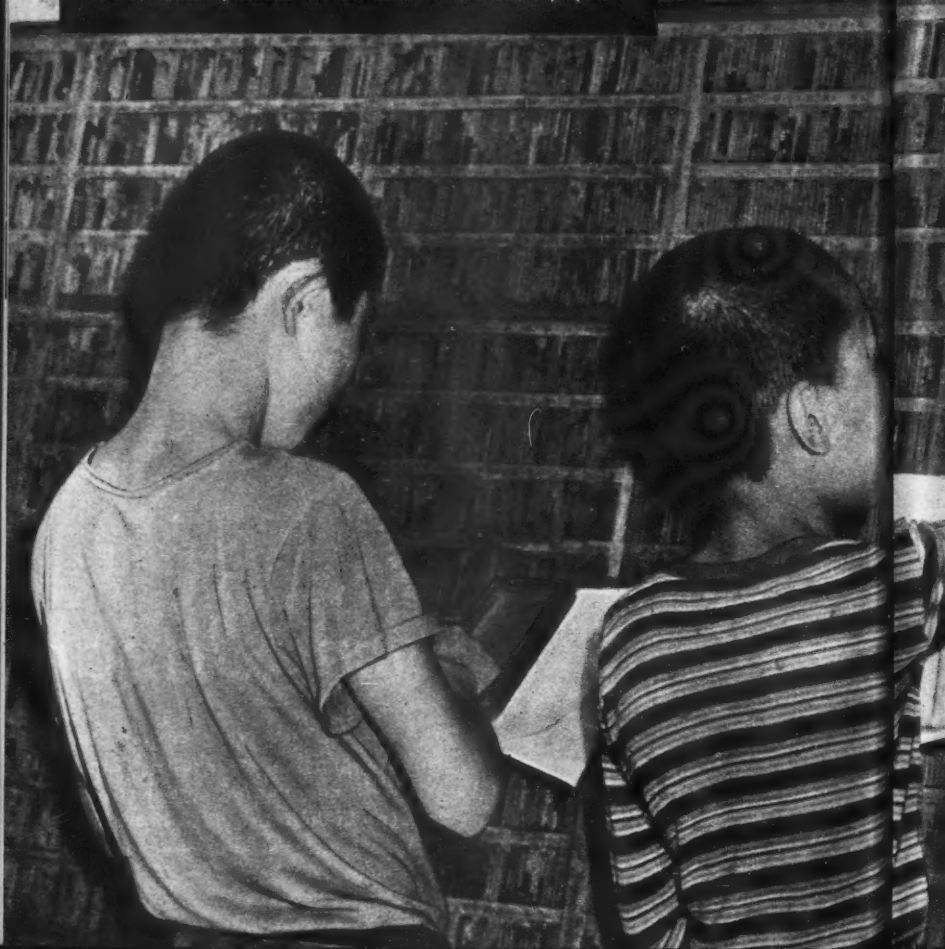


Telling Japan

The director of Japan's Eastern Star News Agency, Maryknoll's Father W. A. Kaschmitter (*left*), gathers material on Catholic activities, in order to service Japan's secular newspapers.



COMPOSITOR'S NIGHTMARE. Father Kaschmitter watches two Japanese apprentices set type by hand. Some 6,000 much-used characters are kept in metal; but if one of the other 70,000 characters is needed, it is cut from wood. Father's news service is presently battling the immoral birth-control propaganda flooding Japan. His forceful dispatches on the subject have been printed in America's Catholic papers.







Father's quest for news carries him around Japan. Here in a hospital he chats with Professor Wakida of Yokohama, and Tokyo's Father Shimura.



As correspondent for the NCWC News Service in Washington, D. C., Father gets the official angle on a story from Tokyo's Archbishop Peter T. Doi.

The Old Lady Prayed

Sitting in the back of his empty church after Mass one Sunday, Father Maynard Murphy saw an old Chinese woman hobble to the altar rail, and heard her pray aloud. This is her prayer, as he sent it to us.

God, I don't know how to pray. I've learned only four prayers. The *Our Father* — "Our Father who art in heaven," you know, that one. I say that every day — not in the morning so much, but at night when I'm not busy. And the *Hail Mary* — "Hail Mary, full of grace." I say that every day, too. And the *I confess to Almighty God*, and the *Our Lord Jesus* (act of contrition). I say those all the time.

I'm Old Lady Chong, you know; the one who used to carry around the water bucket, selling beancurd. I don't sell it any more — can't walk so well now. I'm the only one in my family who worships God; the others all burn incense. They tell me: "You worship God; you are supposed to be good; you aren't supposed to scold people!" But I do scold them; it's my sin.

And I do come to the church here, and to confession and Communion most of the time. I miss a Sunday now and then, when it's raining, or when it's too cold. I used to miss more often when I sold beancurd — sometimes market day would fall on Sunday. I couldn't come then; if I didn't sell beancurd, there'd be nothing to eat in the house. All I want is to save my soul. I don't care if I miss out on happiness now, if only I can get to heaven and be happy there.

Look at me now — my eyes are going bad on me. I'm poor and can't buy any medicine, so you cure my eyes for me. God, don't let me go blind! I have only my old husband, who can't work. I have only one thought now; that is to worship you with all my heart and go to heaven. I must go home now until next Sunday.



Father Burns teases his way into the hearts of his youngest parishioners

PADRE HORSE SENSE

Easy does it
in the Highlands

by Hugh F. Byrne

ALL BOLIVIA, except the city of La Paz, was in the hands of rebels during a recent revolution. We at Cotoca heard that the Government forces had bombed the city of Santa Cruz and that some people had lost their lives. In short

order, a few leaders of Cotoca prepared a public proclamation, condemning the Government and praising the rebels. Fortunately, the proclamation never saw the light of day.

Father Lawrence Burns, the pastor of the town, pointed out some salient facts to the aroused leaders: "You can't be sure how much damage has been done to Santa Cruz. And don't forget that the rebels are by no means assured of victory."

His words carried weight, and the proclamation was limited to requesting prayers for peace. Later many of the leading citizens of Cotoca thanked Father Burns for his advice, after they discovered that the only casualty in Santa Cruz was one poor cow, which had wandered too close to the airfield.

Within four weeks a regiment of

Government troops came to our town to visit the famous shrine of the Virgin of Cotoca, in thanksgiving for the speedy end of the revolution. And with the troops came the Bolivian President himself.

The remarkable part of Father Larry's success was not due to the arguments he used, but rather to the readiness of his listeners to follow his advice. He was their pastor, and that was enough for them. They didn't advert to the fact that he is only twenty-nine years old — half the age of some of those whom he was advising, or that he is a "gringo."

Father Larry had definitely won the esteem of his parishioners in the short time — little over a year — that he had worked in Cotoca. The two years he spent previously in the city of La Paz had given him a good command of Spanish and an insight into the character and customs of the Bolivians. Another asset that helped him to win the respect of the people is his physical build. He is slightly under six feet and has a barrel chest suggestive of Aymara Indians among whom he worked in La Paz.

Ten years ago Father Larry's favorite sports were football and skating, both of which have left their marks here and there upon his body. Today he manages to keep in trim by horseback riding and an occasional hunting trip. Galloping along, he scares chickens, pigs, dogs, and people with weak hearts — not to mention his guardian angel.

Mechanical aptitude also has proved a boon to Father Larry. Bolivia is in the transitional stage between the horse and the automobile. Any-

one who knows the secrets of both is tops in the estimation of the people. Father Larry is a horse trader and an auto mechanic, rolled into one. Whether

it's the mission's jeep or the generator, he can take it apart and, what is more important, get the parts together again in proper working order.

In the short time he has spent in Cotoca, he has been able to train a choir that could be the envy of any small-town pastor in the States. He has the advantage of being able to play the small organ with which our mission church is blessed.

We who have lived with him have come to know another side of Father Larry's character; that is, his love for his family and his home town, Wakefield, Mass. Not infrequently our conversations drift homewards. And his stories of his father, mother, brother, and two sisters make us feel that we have known them all our lives.

Despite the success of his work in Cotoca, Father has been assigned to another part of Bolivia. The Beni region is badly in need of an experienced and robust man. Cotoca was not happy over the change; the people wanted to send a petition to Maryknoll headquarters in New York, hoping to cancel his transfer. But Father Larry was able to convince them that Maryknoll has many places to take care of.

Make Your Money

work for you and God after you leave this world. You can do this by making your will today. If you wish to remember Maryknoll our legal title is, Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.





CHINESE ART IN ST. LOUIS

MARYKNOLL-in-St. Louis is a small school whose students are kindly permitted to attend class at the archdiocesan preparatory seminary. Father Martin has given an Oriental touch to Our Lady and Sts. Peter and Paul in our chapel windows.

The Maryknoll Family

WHO BUILT Maryknoll? The many people whose sacrifices have brought it about, come from all walks of life, from the cities, towns, and countryside of America. Not all of them are Catholics; a few do not even enjoy the blessings of being Christians. It is from their savings, their charity, that the money comes to carry on our work at home and on the missions. More than half of our benefactors are women.

Almost all Maryknoll supporters are wage earners, dependent on employers and economic conditions. Not infrequently we receive gifts from families whose breadwinners are out of work or on strike. The money that keeps Maryknoll going comes from men who dig ditches, from maids and butlers, from factory and office workers, from teachers, doctors, lawyers, hairdressers, grocers, butchers, insurance agents, bankers, manufacturers, industrialists, from convents and monasteries, from curates, pastors, and bishops. In short, the small, prayerful offerings from American Catholics of every walk of life have built Maryknoll.

NEAR THE GREAT Benedictine monastery of Fulda, in Germany, in the second half of the nineteenth century, there grew up a young man who knew and loved Fulda's missionary traditions. Why could not the genius of the Monks of the West, who established the Faith in Germany and

elsewhere, be used in mission lands of today, he asked.

Young Boniface Sauer became a Benedictine priest. Then as abbot and bishop in Korea, he had his opportunity. At Wonsan he built a monastic center of generous dimensions and rugged severity, in the approved Benedictine style. There was a church to hold sixteen hundred, workshops, fields of wheat, vineyards, Yorkshire hogs, Holstein cattle. Thousands of pagans, brought into the Church, were taught the full Christian way of life, as was done near Europe's monasteries.

When Maryknollers came to Korea, Bishop Sauer became one of their warmest friends and best advisers. He impregnated their leaders with a vision of his "grand strategy" for the winning of many souls.

Both World War I and World War II brought tragic suffering to Bishop Sauer and his monks. After World War II, the Russians imprisoned the Benedictines. While being transferred from one jail to another last year, the saintly old prelate died in a railway station. We mourn him as a friend and as a builder of Maryknoll.

Odds and Ends

MOTHERS of young men to be ordained this year might like to repeat the experience of Mrs. Moore, mother of our Father Robert O. Moore, now in Africa. Last year a salesman per-

sueded her to let him make a recording of her son's First Solemn Mass. Now she can relieve that momentous occasion while her son is on the other side of the world.

FATHER XAVIER THANINAYAGAM visited Maryknoll while touring this country on behalf of a group of bishops in India. He has an interesting idea—an "India House of Writers." How excellent it would be if the prolific pens of India's intelligent young Catholics could be put to work to win the educated classes of their country!

ANOTHER CALLER was Bishop Dominic Comin, a Salesian. In his vicariate, in Ecuador, live the head-hunting Jivaro Indians. These interesting folk, in times gone by, chopped off an enemy's head, shrunk its skin, and then hung it up as a trophy. Hard work on the part of the Salesians has resulted in the baptism of thousands of Jivaros.

LIGHTNING paid a call close to the Maryknoll Cloister. Behind the Sisters' house, it struck a tree, which in turn ignited a storage barn. From the town of Ossining, it looked as though the Sisters were being burned out of house and home. All through the evening people of the neighborhood telephoned, offering hospitality to the Sisters.

The barn was a total loss, but firemen saved the Cloister itself.

HILLS are few around Chicago. However, we found a modest one for our new Maryknoll Seminary at Glen Ellyn, some twenty miles from the Loop, out Roosevelt Boulevard. We invite our many Maryknoll friends of Chicago-land to pay our new school a call. Visitors will admire the setting that the green grass and lovely foliage of the old Glenbard Golf Course give our new, thriftily built, Georgian-style edifice. Already some 150 Maryknollers are in residence there. The opening of Maryknoll-in-Glen Ellyn has greatly relieved the pressure on our training schools.

Letter of the Month

Thousands of interesting letters come to us monthly. The following is voted the "letter of the month."

DEAR FATHERS,

I am writing this to give credit to the one who really deserves the credit for whatever has been done for dear Maryknoll over my name.

That credit belongs to my wonderful and saintly husband. True, in our family he has made me the custodian of the purse, but it is he who places the funds in my hands and enthusiastically seconds all our family charities. He is as devoted to our Blessed Mother as is any little child to its earthly mother; he fondly loves Mary of Maryknoll.

So, Fathers, please include him in the Maryknoll Membership and in the prayers of the Maryknollers. He is the donor; I only write the letters and sign the checks. He it is who suggested that we send you two dollars a month toward the support of "two men of God in the mission field." We will continue this as long as God grants us the limited income that is ours.

My husband lost the vision in his right eye during war service in Italy. Pray ardently, please, for us both.

Sincerely,

Mrs. T. A. P., Louisiana



MARYKNOLL WANT AD

Sprinkle Cod-Liver Oil. Father Sprinkle requests \$50 to buy cod-liver oil and vitamin pills for undernourished children of his area. He promises to give doses in the customary way, not by sprinkling!

The Runaround. With a motorcycle, Father Murphy could reach and serve several times as many African villages as he reaches now. The more villages, the more converts! "Mobilization" costs \$600.

The Egg and He. Father Morrisette, in Chile, needs \$300 for a new ceiling in the mission church. Recently eggs fell out of a nest, onto his head, while he was preparing for Mass. Please help — and soon.

Fire Him! When the cold winds blow across Wuchow, Bishop Donaghy does a lot of wishful thinking about a wood stove full of blazing sticks. Such a stove costs \$100.

Stop Paying Rent. Two Maryknollers in Bolivia can buy for \$600 a three-room house. This would end the expense of rented quarters for which you and other Maryknoll benefactors now pay. We believe this house would be a good bargain.

Death Trap. A microscope for Father Collin's African dispensary will enable him to catch the deadly microbes that kill many natives. The cost is \$200, but — *live* converts are the best ones!

Gift of Tongues. Father Tennien, who has more converts than he can instruct, urgently needs catechists. \$15 a month pays a catechist's salary. Who will provide the money for one of these needed helpers?

Rosaries and Sacred Heart Badges are much appreciated by Indians in the Andes. An offering of \$5 will buy enough for one parish.

Boxing Gloves, Basketballs. Indian lads take to American sports when given a chance. At Chiantla mission, a chance means equipment. Who will supply \$35 to buy it?

"After my Accident, I need a side car for the motorcycle," writes Father Krock, from Guatemala. The side car will cost \$85, but it will do duty as a light truck!

Altar Fire. Drapes, candlesticks, and altar linens — at a total cost of \$120 — are needed to replace those ruined by fire at our Wuchow mission in China. Please help the missionary there.

Timeless Topics. Father Aubry, of Bolivia, asks help to buy slidefilms "to supplement my slide-projector catechism classes, and make them more interesting." Films cost \$2 each. Do they interest you?

A Tabernacle — silver-colored if possible — is urgently needed in Central America. The present wooden tabernacle is "always full of ants." A new one will cost \$100.





Mission Requisitions

AFRICA

New mission station

School building	\$500
Roofing material	300
Kitchen building	150
2 tons of cement, each	65
2 tanks for rain water	60
Windows, each	25
20 bags lime, each	3

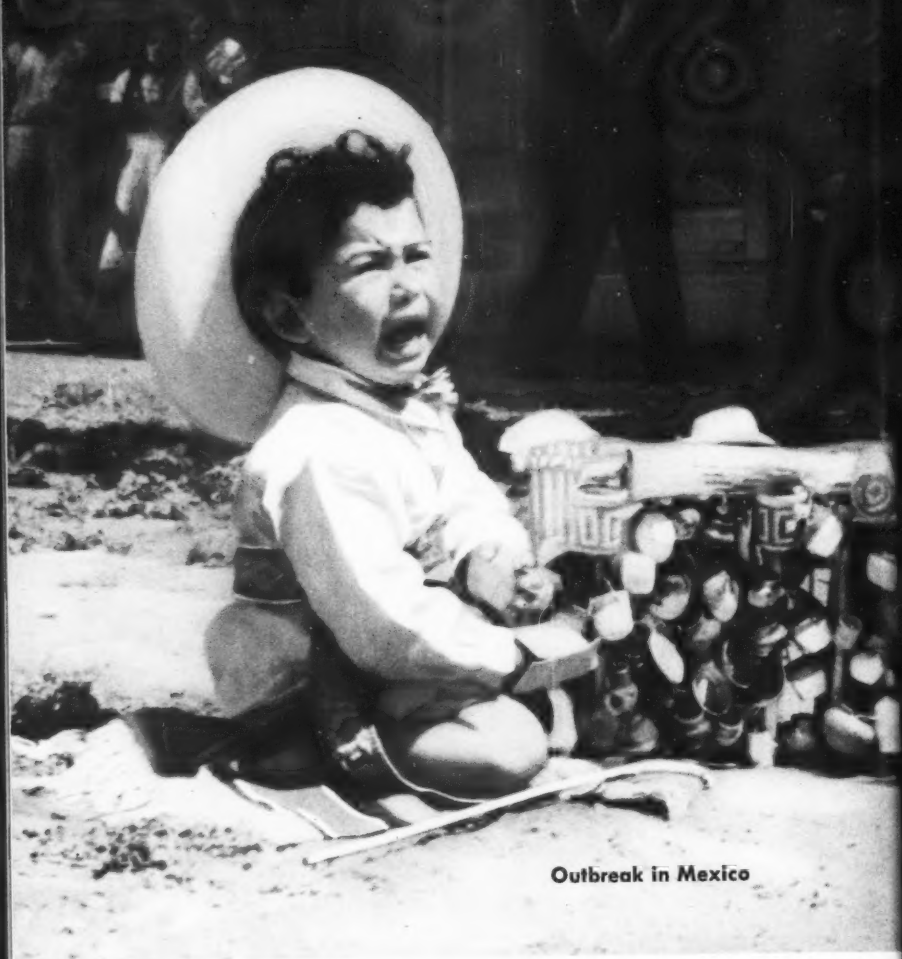
JAPAN

2 churches, \$15,000 each

Windows, each	\$25
Pews, each	12
Roof tiles, section	10
Bricks	5
Nails	4
Cement, bag	3
Square foot of land10

Write for a free copy of our Will Booklet ☐
 our Annuity Booklet ☐

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK



Outbreak in Mexico

